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PLATE-GLASS MAKING.

Methods of Manufacture Employed in the American Factories.

There are in the United States five plate glass manufacturers and another is soon to be established at Findlay, O. The building or manufactory for plate glass is usually of very large size. In the center is the square melting furnace, with openings on two parallel sides for working purposes, while along two sides of the great building are arranged annealing ovens, which are sometimes thirty by twenty feet in order to receive the immense plates that are to be annealed. Two kinds of pots are used, the ordinary one opens on the top, for melting the glass, and others or caskets, in which the molten glass is carried to the casting tables. In France the caskets are usually of a quadrangular form, with a groove in each of its sides, or as in the case of the larger caskets, in two parallel sides, in which the tong or iron-frame are fitted when the casket is moved. Between each two parts in the furnace are placed, according to their size, one or more caskets. In some establishments the casket is not new used, the metal being poured from the pot in which it is melted on to the casting table. Sixteen hours is usually allowed for the melting, and the same time for the metal to remain in the casket; but the latter term is often extended in order that the air-burn bubbles may escape and the excess of soda become volatilized. Toward the last the temperature is allowed to fall, and the glass thus acquires the slight degree of viscosity suitable for casting. The molten glass is transferred from the pots into the adjacent caskets by means of wrought iron ladles with long handles. When the glass is in a proper condition to be cast, the "tongs carriage," consisting of two powerful bars from united like two scissors blades, and resting upon two wheels, is pushed into the opening made in the furnace, and the caskets are clamped in the quadrant formed at the extremity of the tongs, two workers manipulating the handles at the other extremity. The caskets thus taken from the furnace, while filled with molten glass, is placed on another carriage and quickly conveyed to the casting table. This consists of a massive slab, usually of east iron, supported by a frame, and generally placed at the mouth of the annealing ovens. On each side of the table are ribs or bands of metal, which keep the glass within proper limits, and by them right determine the thickness of the plate. A copper or bronze cylinder about a foot in diameter, resting upon these bars, extends across the table. After being heated by hot coals placed upon it, the table is carefully cleaned, preparatory to casting. The casket containing the melted glass is raised from the carriage on which it was brought from the furnace by means of a crane, its inside carefully cleaned, and the glass skinned with a copper sabre. The casket is now swung round over the table, over which a roller covered with cloth is drawn to remove all impurities, and the molten glass poured on to the front'd cylinder, which being rolled from one extremity of the table to the other, covers the glass in a sheet of uniform breadth and thickness. While the plate is still red hot, about two inches of its end is turned up like a flange, against which an iron lake-like instrument is placed, and the plate is thrust forward into the annealing oven, the temperature of which is that of dull redness. Another plate is now immediately cast upon the hot table, and the annealing oven, when filled, is closed and left for about five days to cool. The process for smoothing the glass, is rubbing the surface to be smoothed, with another surface either of glass or iron, and at the same time applying sand or emery of different degrees of fineness, and water between the two rubbing surfaces.—*Tobacco Blader.*

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—One of the best and cheapest devices for ploughing, to prevent breaking trees in orchards, is a short whiffle-tree with the hooks for the traces on the back, and so fixed that the traces will have to be passed over the end. Thus, when a whiffle-tree rubs against a tree, the latter is protected by the leather. There was once a patient on this device, but it has long since expired.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A Scotchman was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture; but when the animal came to the sheep drain he would not go over. So the man rode back a short distance, turned and whipped the whiffle-tree, of course, that the donkey, when going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain. But when the donkey got to the drain he stopped sharply, and the man went over his head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up again, and looking his breast straight in the face, said: "Yea, well pitched; but, then, ho! are ye goin' to get over yon?"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

CARL DUENER.

What the Old Fellow Says: "Sometimes As I He Blahs Around."

Sometimes I go out and whalk around, and I see some dudes. They has somebody who vhas all shire clothes, and shuit too sweet for nothing. Dat vhas all right to be some dudes. Ho couldn't help her. Nature didn't half der materials on hand to make a goat or a monkey, so she vhas cop der leafings and creates a dude.

Sometimes ash I whalk around I see old leifer mit his pack to der wall and he reit most polluting to der wall. He vhas a maa who aight earn a living by honest work, but he won't. He might be respectable and respected, but he won't. He aight have home, faillly, friends and cash, but it vhas pletter to go a leifer. Maype, however, he vhasn't so much to do with his friends, and they vhas pletter lot he vhas poor deaf and dumb.

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Sometimes ash I whalk around I see great big fellow striken me for ten cents to pay his dinner. He vhas lazy. He vhas victions. All his life does care to work nor safe. He takes care to-day and lots to-morrow take care of herself. Because I had worked und planned und safid dis big fellow feels dot it vhas my duty to divide. Ho pollets der world owes him a living, but he don't like to work for it like de rest of us. Und when he stands before me mit his paw heid onk i put out my finger and say: "Charity makes you a tramp. St. Peter's prison would make you a worker." If you don't skip out it vhas bad for you!

Und sometimes ash I whalk around I see a fellor mit a game. It vhas his game. He wins vithy times out of a hundred. If it vhasn't a sure thing he don't keep him. If he don't win he don't pay. He vhas already for suckers when somebody comes and says mit himself: "Ali! there, my gamel I see how it vhas. I go in and skla dis mit all ofer. It vhas my plan to beat him—to take his dollars." Und vhas done somma man backs on dot game and vhas beaten he whistles for a bolecanian and gries out: "Arrest me for a shwiadler! He shounds me out of five dollar!"

Und don I whalk home and sits down mit me pipe to redect how is all vhas. —*Chicago News.*

FULL OF FUN.

Cook books are evidently not of modern origin, for Bacon says: "Some books are to be tasted, some eaten, and some digested."

An Irishman writing to a doctor, says: "I am confidently expected before this to receive from you an agreeable surprise."—*Shaw and Leather Reporter.*

—Scene—Doctor's home. Little boy at the front door.—"Is the doctor in?"

"Cause, if he is, I want to see him at once." Servant—"He's not in." Little boy—"Well, just as soon as he goes home, you tell him to come over to our house and take that baby away he left last week. It's in the way!"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Kate comes upon Henry, who is playing upon a flute. Kate—"Why, Henry, you do that quite well; I should think you would take lessons." Henry, who has been taking lessons for the last ten years, does not feel flattered, but makes no sign as he replies: "I have thought of it."—*Chicago Advance.*

"Well," said Razzerpen, more kindly than was his custom, "I can tell you how you can improve the play a little." "How?" asked Inkwell. "You see, you kill the villain in the last act?"—*Troy Times.*

—The digestive organs of swine are easily disarranged under our artificial system of breeding. There is no farm animal more cleanly in its food nature.

It is possible that old hens may be too fat to lay; not so with pullets. Feed them abundantly. Even in the case of old hens less laying goes on as a result of under than over-feeding.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Cook says: "If you send your mamma if you be good and stayed in the yard she'd bring you some candy when she comes home." Little Dick—"I knew; but she won't. She always forgets about it." "Well, she said if you went out she'd give you a spanking. Now, you'd better stay in." "No; she always forgets that too."—*Onward World.*

—A Virginia colored girl, who has not been long in New York, was given some ice-cream by her mistress a few evenings ago. She ate it slowly and with a relish, but refused to eat any supper. Surprised at her loss of appetite, the mistress received the following explanation: "Golly, missus, couldn't put no supper 'board dat pudlin'. Want to taste to starvay!"

—There are three things," said Broughme to his wife, "that a woman can't be persuaded to do without." "She can't, eh?" said Mrs. B. in an incredulous tone. "I guess she can do without them as well as a man can, if not better. What are they?" "Food, clothes and life," quietly replied Broughme, and his wife retorted: "You think you're smart, don't you?"—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

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—If there is any thing on the farm that is only less than infamous it is a sore shoulder on a horse, says the *Ohio Farmer*. It is unnecessary—there is no excuse for it. Not the thin-skinned horse that ever lived need have a sore shoulder if his master has ordinary gumption and conscientious.

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FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Don't give your horses mushy hay.

—The best food for cattle in poor condition is a warm bran mash.

—Give the young chicks a chance at the insects in the orchard and garden.

—Let the fundamental law of farming be recognized, that it does not pay to cultivate poor land.

—Never mix wood ashes and animal manure of any kind together; the latter is made useless and valueless by using the former with it.

—An Ohio farmer recommends orchard grass for meadows likely to be overgrown, because it will grow through a thicker coating of muck than any grass he knows.

—Do all you can to encourage the birds. They are your best friends. Protect them and their nests, and keep a watch on the family eats; which do the birds much damage.—*Troy Times.*

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TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1887.

CHARLES M. MEACHAM, - Editor.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
S. B. BUCKNER,
of Hardin County.FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
J. W. BRYAN,
of Kenton County.FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
P. W. HARDIN,
of Mercer County.FOR AUDITOR,
FAYETTE HUEWITT,
of Hardin County.FOR TREASURER,
JAS. W. TATE,
of Woodford County.FOR SECRET. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
JOS. DESHA PICKETT,
of Fayette County.FOR REGISTER OF THE LAND OFFICE,
THOMAS H. CORBETT,
of McCracken County.FOR STATE SENATOR, SIXTH DISTRICT,
ZENO F. YOUNG,
of Hopkins County.

The negro ex-soldiers of New Orleans have been denied membership in the Grand Army of the Republic.

Look out for the annual crop of Republican campaign lies, which are usually circulated about ten days before the election.

Ten thousand teachers from all parts of the country attended the National Teachers' Association at Chicago last week.

Jake Sharp, one of New York's "hoodlums" Alderman has been fined \$5,000 and sentenced to four years in the penitentiary for his dishonest deeds.

Aaron Gove, of Colorado, was elected President of the National Educational Association. W. H. Bartholomew was elected Director for Kentucky.

The date of the Industrial Conference at Louisville has been fixed for Oct. 4 and President Cleveland will be invited to be present at the opening exercises.

A fire which was started in a coal mine at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., nearly a year ago, has at last been put out by flooding the mines under 50 acres of ground. The loss amounted to \$100,000.

While announcing the death of a member of the New York Stock Exchange Friday, Vice President Hill, of that body, was taken suddenly ill and died before he could be taken from the room.

The boiler of the locomotive drawing the President's special train at Clayton N. Y. Saturday night burst and the engineer was killed by the escaping steam. No injuries were sustained by the President's party, who were picked up by a regular train and carried to the next station.

Zeno Young is a man of intelligence, of information and of progressive ideas on public questions. He would make a senator who would reflect credit upon the district and bring a Democrat would have influence in the Senate. Hub Lansford is a man of little ability, of small information and without the capacity necessary to make even an intelligent town trustee. If elected he would be the shortest-horned ever sent from this or any other district to the Kentucky Senate and bring a Republican he would sit in his seat like a knot on a log, absolutely without influence in a body of intelligent men, nine-tenths of whom will be Democrats.

The Republican party must realize that it made a blunder in nominating such a man as Bradley for Governor. He has stooped to methods in conducting his canvass that no respectable candidate for Governor or any other office has ever adopted in this State. If he wanted to run for Governor to obtain victory he has certainly succeeded.

Pay no attention to any idle rumor or campaign lie to the effect that Mr. Young has pledged this or pledged that in regard to the prohibition question. He is running as a Democrat and has pledged nothing and will pledge nothing on either side of a question that is not an issue in the race. His position is that upon prohibition and all other questions he would be governed by the expressed will of a majority of his constituents.

Profanity in the pulpit is something unusual in this country, but Sam Jones is reported to have made the following remarkable statement at the close of his unsuccessful efforts to take up a collection at New Castle, Ky.: "I like a man that is a tame man to have 99 per cent. backbone; to say do what he feels to be right. The people here have disappointed me, and I intend to tell you that, if for any good the Lord is likely to receive, you are not worth hell." You son.

The people of Christian county want no interference with the prohibition law by their representatives in the House of Representatives. Any attempt to re-open the question in the county, or any other part thereof, would be an act of treason, and the expressed will of the people would not succeed. The attitude of both Mr. Young and Mr. Sebree is to let the law alone and Mr. Lansford has promised to keep his position in the Madisonville Times of to-morrow. We do not believe he will dare take any other than the same stand. The prohibition law is stronger in both counties to-day than ever before and it might as well be realized first as last that it has come to stay in this county.

Buckner and Bradley held their first and last joint discussion at Grayson, Carter county, last Wednesday. Bradley spoke his piece and Buckner took the stand and began his speech by asking Bradley if it was true that he had stated at London and elsewhere that Gov. Knott had written the speech he, Buckner, delivered at Lexington. Bradley squirmed, but finally stated that he had so stated upon the responsibility of Jim Jones of London. Buckner then denounced the charge as false and untrue and canceled all joint appointments, declining to meet on the stump a man who would wilfully circulate a slander with the intention of humiliating and disgracing him. Gen. Buckner made his speech without again alluding to his defamer and left the room. To make Bradley's disgrace more complete, Jas. W. Jones, of London, a staunch Republican, published a card in the Courier-Journal denying that he told Bradley any such thing, thereby presenting Bradley in the pitiable and contemptible light of having circulated a slander and then by a false statement having tried to shoulder the responsibility upon an innocent friend.

The followers of Fountain Fox will not call them Prohibitionists, because there are just as good prohibitionists in both Democratic and Republican parties as can be found in the ranks of the Foxites—so bearing in mind that they will draw largely from the Democratic vote of former years. We have heard of but very few Democrats in this county who will vote against their ticket. In 1884 St. John received only 62 votes in the county and we doubt very seriously if Fox will get even as many votes this year. The prohibition law has been voted in a majority of the counties of the State and nearly everywhere this result was accomplished, as it was here, by keeping the question out of politics and letting the temperance people of all parties act in concert. As we have before had occasion to say, the man who insists on making prohibition the one issue of a so-called political party, is either a crank, a misguided fanatic or a chronic office-seeker actuated by selfish motives.

Rev. Eugene Evans, in his speech last night, pitched into the Democratic party of Kentucky, as an enemy to the education of the colored man. The figures do not bear him out and a man of his clerical cut should not mislead his followers. While the Republican party had control, up to 1887, the school tax was 5 cents and none of it went to the colored people. To-day every white man in the State pays a school tax of 22 cents and the colored child of school age gets exactly the same amount that the white child gets, the per capita being \$1.90 in each case. Last year the negro schools drew from the State treasury \$167,096.37; they paid into the treasury only \$13,538.70. In other words the white people of this Democratic State gave to their school fund \$153,127.97. They were glad to give this, and it is hardly fair to charge them with being enemies of the education of colored people.—Owensboro Inquirer.

Miss Mollie Garfield, daughter of the late President Garfield, now 21 years old, is soon to be married to Stanley Brown, her father's private secretary, who is not yet out of his twenties. The wedding will be the culmination of a love affair that began when the young lady was but 14 years of age.

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A bill has been offered in the Georgia Legislature prohibiting the attendance of white children at colored schools and vice versa. The bill results from the recent avowal by the University of Georgia of the Atlanta students—Cox and Journal.

The convict labor bill was a Republican measure. It was introduced in the House by Hon. John Feland, sustained in the Senate by Hon. C. J. Pratt, and voted for by 11 out of 15 Republican members of the Legislature. In the last Legislature Hon. J. H. Lansford voted for the ten-year convict labor bill. Laboring men of Hopkins county, how do you like the record? Are you going to vote for a man who wants to put convict labor in competition with yours, reducing your wages and bringing starvation to you and yours?—Madisonville Times.

The colored Methodist church at Bowing Green was burned Wednesday night and the bell fell and partially injured a fireman Wm. Lyles. Property loss covered by \$5,000 insurance.

Another Democratic barbecue will be given near Lexington to-morrow. Joe Paul, engineer, was killed by a collision near Cynthiana, Wayne County.

M. McKeith's residence, near Sonora, was burned Wednesday. Loss \$500.

Mr. Young's Position.

Zeno F. Young has the courage of his convictions. He declares that if he shall be elected to the Senate he will in all matters of a merely local and non-political character, upon which the people are greatly divided, be governed by petition and remonstrance. If a petition, for instance, should be placed in his hands asking him to secure the passage of a bill providing for resubmission of the prohibition question to the voters of Hopkins county, or to the voters of Christian county, and a remonstrance should be placed in his hands protesting against such legislation, he would count the names of the legal voters upon the two papers and be governed by the majority. That is Democratic and it is right. It is a cardinal doctrine of the Democratic party that the majority should rule. Will Mr. Lansford take the same position with reference to the prohibition question? If he will, well and good. If he will not his silence can only mean that the wishes of the majority will have no weight with him. His silence will mean that he will act arbitrarily and without regard for the wishes of the people whose suffrage he is seeking. Will Mr. Lansford tell the people of this county and of Christian county, publicly, whether or not he intends, in the event of his election, to favor the passage of bills looking to resubmission in the two counties?

I am a member of the Democratic party that the majority should rule. For five years I may say that I was in danger of starvation from inability to work and poverty from the effects of this bad disease. When I came to Corinth from Alabama, I was on crutches for two years. Of course during all of these sad years I was attended by good physicians. They gave me many powerful doses of potash and sarsaparilla, which did relieve me some for awhile, but I got no permanent relief until by a friend's persuasion, I received a bottle of Specific from your doctor, and took about one dozen of the Specific. When I began taking the medicine I weighed 130 pounds, and when I finished the thirteenth bottle I weighed 237 pounds and I weigh that.

I regard your medicine as the poor man's best friend, if he will only take it. I thank you for giving me the extract from your doctors and preserve his health. With gratitude and with best wishes, I remain Your obedient servant, T. J. McMullan, Corinth, Miss., Feb. 17th, 1887.

Treatises on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The Swift Surgical Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

In a fight at Schreiber, telegraph operator Anderson threw an inkstand at hotel clerk Boileau, and was in turn severely stabbed by the latter.

THE VERY LATEST FAD.

A Professor of Ropé-Tying Relates the Secrets of His Calling. Society's newest fashionable fad is ropé-tying. Since the days when Foster, Slade, the Davenports and the Eddy Brothers performed their marvelous ropé-tying tricks the secrets of splices, knots and hitches has never been more carefully guarded and indeed art of ropé-tying has never been more faithfully practiced than now. Young girls who have just been initiated into the mystery of temles, begin to sit out upon their first fishing tour, younger Corinthian girls, amateur yachtsmen of both sexes all have the fever, and it is not improbable that the craze will extend to those in many of the graver walks of life. Those devoted to the art—if art it can be called—insist that life can not be a success unless one is versed in rope tying.

"Rope-tyin'," said a professor of the art, "is the most useful of all the accomplishments. I've seen men for now, as'd give the world ter know somethings about ropes. A boy may want ter lengthen his fishin' line ei makin' a swing; he may want ter make a little out o' jng or a pickle jar when he goes picknickin'; or he may want ter anchor his boat, fasten his kite string or make a slacker for his crab line, an' less he understan' rope tyin' he'll lose his fish or kite, drop his pickel jar or find his boat carried away by the tide. The fust thing he must do is learn ter tie a square knot. We sailors calls it a reef-knot. It is the most used by surgeons in tyin' up blood vessels, 'cause 'twon't slip. Now, folks all over the world make a square knot the simplest thing in the world ter tie; but taint. Most on 'em make a granny, which most allus slips, and if it don't it eaws the rope, as the strait is right nuggles. A square knot is made by takin' two ropes and crossin' the ends, thor left hand rope under ther right. Carry the right-hand one through the loop once, then tie again, only carry the right-hand end under the left and draw tight. If y' carry the left hand under the right one the second time y'll have what we calls a granny knot nae a granny halter ter be depended on now. The more y' pull on ter a reef knot the tighter it gets. Sometimes y' want er longer line, but y' hafta get two ropes of n size. Then's when a bocket-knitch comes in. Y' make this by bendin' the end of the biggest tyin' so it looks like the letter U, then y' put the end of the little rope or twine up from the bottom behind the bend between the two sides, carry it round behind the two sides, then cross the front under the part that comes up from below and over y' are. When th' lengthening of your line is too short an' y' halter knot but a piece o' hom' twine or fishin' line ter bend onto it, then y' hafta make a bocket hitch. Then there's the bowline, which lets y' have a loop onto the end of a rope n it'll not draw up. It's easy for mak' and is good when y' want to tie yer horse or dog with a rope and don't want er choke 'em. Y' make it by turnin' a loop on itself near the end and makin' a bight. Hold th' turn or bight with the left hand, pass the end of the rope through the bight from bottom up ards, then around the main rope and down through the bight again. Draw it tight an' y'll get a loop as 'll never slip. Store-keepers, make a bowline when they does up big bundles, 'cause by pullin' the string through the loop they gets a slip-knot on them which can depend.

A knot that puzzles most people, however, is the sheepshank. It's used in gatherin' up the slack of a rope mad, making it shorter. It is made by doublin' a rope on itself twice and passin' it loop over each end.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

How's This!

The new census shows the number of school children in Kentucky to be 519,599 whites and 107,141 blacks, an increase of 20,637 of the former and 4,390 of the latter over the previous enumeration. The State per capita for both white and black children is \$1.90 and not \$1.00 as a typographical error on the local page made us say in our last issue.

For One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Cataract that can't be cured by taking Hall's Cataract Cure.

J. C. CHENY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

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The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

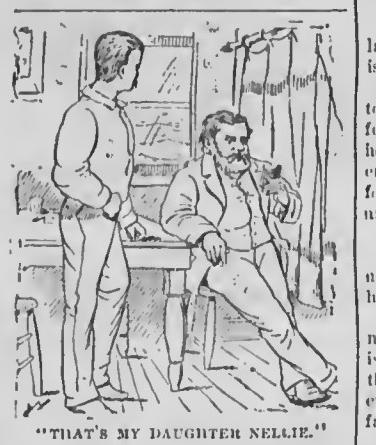
BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

(Copyright, 1897, by The A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.)

"When I was arrested, my first thought was that my hours were numbered. I had not been taken beyond the Paseo before I had thought of making an effort to escape. Beside the other things that favored me, the new boldness of the attorney made success possible. I was well acquainted with the soldiers into whose hands I had fallen, and I knew that they would never dream of such a attempt. At the moment, a Spanish soldier would finish me should I fail to try it. I was certain of the garrote. You saw the attempt and its success. The Captain who recognized and arrested me was one whom I had seen shoot a wounded insurgent at Las Pozas; and I hope you'll believe me when I say that nothing in my life ever gave me a greater satisfaction than to break his head with the butt of one of our own muskets."

"I made my way quickly and safely back to the Jews'. He bid me so sincerely that I was not in the slightest danger of capture, though both his home and shop were twice ransacked last night by the patrol. Before daylight he visited me under ground, and we arranged the plan of escape that had been successfully carried into execution. I knew that the pursuit would be kept hot for weeks; I could trust my faithful Jew with my life, but I could not trust the long chapter of accidents that might lead to my detection. I determined that I must leave Cuba at once. These Havana Jews know every thing that is transpiring. With a lot of other gossip, he had told me of the American merchant-vessel in the harbor without a crew, whose master was trying to pick up one. I caught the chance at once. My disguise I was absolutely sure of; my only fear was that you had already got all the men you wanted. But I came down to the quay with the agent, and when I saw you, I recognized you at once as the man who stood behind me in the crowd yesterday, and whose generous sentiments were expressed in my hearing. I need say no more; I'm safe under the old flag, thank God!"

The narrative of Henry Crawford was listened to with the deepest interest by the Captain, and, naturally, led to fifteen minutes more of con-



"THAT'S MY DAUGHTER NELLIE."

versation upon matters suggested by the remarkable adventures of the young man, and the name of his father which led to some reminiscences on the part of the Captain. It is needless to say that this interview, of almost an hour, strengthened and warmed the attachment that the ardent and impulsive old sailor had conceived for his gallant young guest. He was, in fact, prepared to "grapple him to his soul with hooks of steel."

The rook now sent one of the negroes down with an appetizing supper, to which the Captain and his friend did full justice. They had, in fact, eaten nothing since the early breakfast of that morning.

The sun had set, and the soft twilight of the tropics that precedes the moon's rising prevailed, when two left the cabin for the deck.

Each had a loaded revolver in his breast-pocket. They had held a very brief conference over the situation of affairs on the vessel, and were prepared to spend the night on deck.

The mate soon came down and ate a hearty supper from what was intended by the others. Then he, too, returned to the deck.

And now occurred a singular incident. The cabin was vacant for ten minutes before the cook's assistant came down to clear away the leavings. In this interval the concealed watcher emerged from the cupboard, snatched bread, meat and cakes from the table, rolled them in a large cloth, and quit the cabin. Ascending the stairs till his eyes were on a level with the deck, he peered out. Dusky figures could be seen, both fore and aft; but the light was faint; he was not perceived. He quickly stalked along the starboard side, and disappeared somewhere forward.

Yet one thing further we must record that occurred in the cabin before the Captain and his guest left, before Mr. Hardy came down, and before Louis Hunter had flitted like an arrow away.

He looked inquiringly at him.

"You wanted the whole truth," said the young man?

"Well?"

"You are treating me nobly, sir; I am deeply affected by it. I feel that my concealment from you, after what has occurred between us, would be unjust to you, unworthy of me."

"Out with it, then."

"Captain Willis, not only was I glad

deemed to recognize you this morning as the generous sailor I saw on the Paseo yesterday, but your vessel seemed very familiar to me. It seemed so from the name I read on her stern as I came on board. That name is very dear to me. Here, sir, is the picture of the lady to whom I engaged myself. Look at it."

The Captain took the daguerreotype. He looked at it; he looked at Crawford. Astonishment was at first written on his rough face, then a broad smile illuminated it.

"Why, you young rascal—I can't believe my eyes! That's my daughter Nellie."

PART II—CHAPTER I.
INCIDENTS OF THE NIGHT.

Slowly and superciliously the great round moon rose over the southern seas and poured down a flood of light on the wide waste of waters. No land was in sight; the Cuban mountains had sunk below the horizon, and the nearest low land of the Bahamas was far to the northward. The whelk shell, steadily veering now more to the southward, so that the bark had easily on her course, which was now northeast by north. A gentle swell agitated the surface of the sea. For thirty rods astern the foaming track of the vessel could be seen. A solitary sail far to the northward, visible at sunset, had now faded from sight. The constellations came out, hardly dimmed by the splendor of the moon, and shone with a brightness unknown in higher latitudes.

Such a night as this aboard ship Captain Willis had never seen; indeed few masters of vessels had. His good ship was speeding along through the water at a rate that bade fair to make this voyage remarkable for its brevity; but the unruly luminous elements abounding made his eyes almost sleepless, his heart anxious.

He had calculated that it would be possible to reach Nassau before the following night, where he had determined to make an effort to get rid of the worst elements of his crew, even if he had to continue the voyage short-handed. That night he and Crawford watched and took the wheel alternately with the mate and Dick Parvis. Mr. Hardy had divided the crew into watches, had instructed the crew into watches, had stopped a moment to observe the men. A silence fell upon them as they saw him.

"Where's that big mulatto?" he abruptly asked. "Can any of you tell me?"

There were several head-shakes, and two or three negatives in Spanish. "May be jump overboard," one of the negroes growled.

"Hiding, likely," one of the vagrants vented.

"Now mark me, men!" the Captain said. "You know what manner of man I am: I'm not to be fooled with. Some of you know where that fellow is. We shall be at Nassau before dark, and then that man will go ashore in irons. He'll go if it takes the whole British garrison to bring him out. You hear me? Just tell him that, and that he'd better deliver himself up penibly."

The two walked off again.

"I don't think I'd have told them that, sir," said Crawford.

"Why not?"

"It may make them more desperate."

"I shan't. Such fellows as those negroes are always desperate. What they need is to feel the strong hand on them. Then hadn't I from the day to day, and then that man will go ashore in irons. He'll go if it takes the whole British garrison to bring him out. You hear me? Just tell him that, and that he'd better deliver himself up penibly."

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